

The Tragedie

Enter Queene, Lord Rivers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his maiestie,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words.

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie

Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloucester,

A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Ri. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the king miscarrie. *Enter Buck, Darby.*

Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue bene.

Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lord of Darby
To your good praers will scarcely say, Amen:

Yet Darby, notwithstanding shees your wife,

And loues not me, be you good Lord assured

I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.

Dar. I beseech you either not beleue

The enuious slaunders of her accusers,

Or if she be acculde in true report,

Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the king to day my Lord of Darbie?

Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his maiestie.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.

Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

of Ric

And sent to warne them to

Qu. Would all were we
I feare our happinesse is at

Glo. They doe me wron
Who are they that compla

That I forsooth am sterne
By holy *Paul* they loue his

That fill his eares with such
Because I cannot flatter and

Smile in mens faces, smoot
Ducke with French nods, and

I must be held a rankerous
Cannot a plaine man liue a

But thus in simple truth mu
By silken lye insinuating la

Ri. To whom in all thi

Glo. To thee, that hast
When haue I iniured thee;

Or thee, or thee, or any of y
A plague vpon you all. His

(Whom God preserue bet
Cannot be quiet scarce a bi

But you must trouble him
Qu. Brother of Gloucester

The king of his owne roy
And not prouokt by any s

Ayming belike at your int
Which in your outward ad

Against my kinred, brothe
Makes him to send, that th

The ground of your ill wi
Glo. I cannot tell, the w

That Wrens may prey wh
Since euery lacke became

There's many a gentle per
Qu. Come, come, we k

You enuie mine aduancen
God grant we neuer may

Glo. Meane time, God